THE NEW MINSTREL REVIEW

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EDITED BY

ABEED FREEMAN

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DAS A
FIBE
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AW YISS!

Abeed Freeman here, de editor. Dear reada' look at yo hand real quick-lak, DAS how many ob de magazine am rait now existin'!

An' dar am gwine be mo'! 'Less de po'lice ketch me, or sum odda rascalius institute, lak de lench mawb! A-ha-ha-haw!

So go on now, trow dem book-readin' eyes 'pon de tings das inside ob de magazine! I'se sure dat dar's sumffin' fo ebberywan!

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TABLE OF C

Sum musta' an mayo .

Sum Ketsup . . . .

I sho am hungry mhm

Sum tah-tah sawse .

Put dat on sum fish .

An' don' foget de grav

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"HOUSE NIGGA JOE"

By

Nappy Coonshine .

[VERSE] Ma' whole life I hab been a louse,
If dar's work in de field, den I'se in de howse.'
I spend ma' days jes drinkin' ma' rye,
An' I'll be a louse till de day I die!

[INTERLUDE]

[VERSE] Ol' massa done come ta lash ub ma' hide,
Kase I nebber work in de howse I reside.
But when dat whip hit it slip right off,
Lak rain on a duck or a mule wit a cough.
Ol' massa look dumb, he scratchin' he chin,
Say: Dat boy too lazy ta ebber gibe in!

[INTERLUDE]

[VERSE] Oh I lub ma' jug a' I lub ma' song,
I naps in de shade when de sun am too strong,
I'se gwine thru dis life lak de breeze on de hill,
Too lazy ta suffer an' too slow ta kill!
Dey say I'se worthless, an' yes'm das true,
I'se lazy an' worthless but I'll get thru.

[INTERLUDE]

MUSIC! MUSIC! MUSIC!

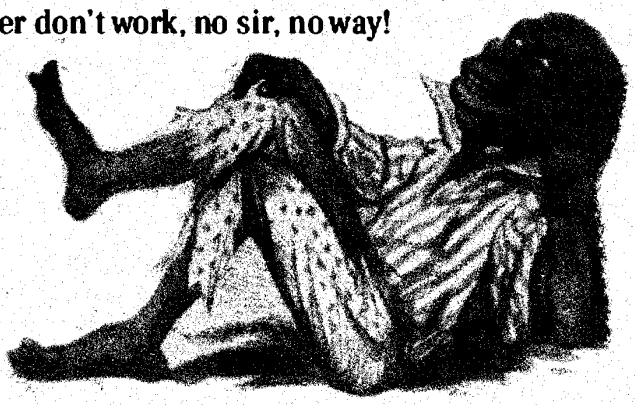
[VERSE] I don't pick no cotton, I don't carry no pail,
An' de traders all laugh when dey see me on sale,
No, massa cain't sell me, an' he sho' try,
I think he be tryin' long after he die!
I don't chaise de possum or cut cain in de brake,
I'se jes lay in de shade an' eat de corn cake!

[INTERLUDE]

[VERSE] Massa gave me papers an' opened de gait,
But I'se jes sit down an' dar we wait.
I yawned so wide you could see my soul,
Said: Freedom too far and de worl' too cole!
Now massa done quit, he won't bother agin,
An' I'se jas sleep lak de pig in de pen.

[A CAPPELLA] So let de world turn, let de oxen bray,
I'll be rait here till judgement day.
An' yu bes' believe de words dat I say,
Dis nigger don't work, no sir, no way!

[INTERLUDE]



VERSE

INTERLUDE

A CAPPELLA

RULE SLAVEOWNIA.

THE NATIONAL HYMN OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

(*Music Copyright in America.*)

When first the South, to fury fanned,
  Arose and broke the Union's chain,
This was the Charter, the Charter of the land,
  And Mr. Davis sang the strain:
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves—
"Christians ever, ever, ever have had slaves."

The Northerns, not so blest as thee,
  At Aby Lincoln's foot may fall,
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish fierce and free
  The whip, that makes the Nigger bawl.
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves—
"Christians ever, ever, ever should have slaves."

Thou, dully savage, shalt despise
  Each freeman's argument, or joke;
Each law that Congress, that Congress thought so wise,
  Serves but to light thy pipes for smoke.
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves—
"Christians ever, ever, ever must have slaves."

And Trade, that knows no God but gold,
  Shall to thy pirate ports repair;
Blest land, where flesh—where human flesh is sold,
  And manly arms may flog that *air*.
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves—
"Christians ever, ever, ever shall have slaves."

NEW!

NEW!

NEW!

NEW!

DE NEW SERIAL AM HEA NAW!

THAT TRIFLING TOWN NIGGER

OR

THE ADVENTURES OF MANE SUGARTEETH

Episode I, "Sugarteeth Gets Some New Shoes."

MANE SUGARTEETH,—a failed dandy and local town rascal—after getting into a fight over the ownership of a chicken, and losing more than just his shoes at a game of dice, found himself at the edge of town, lamenting his fate:

"Dar sho' ain't no dahkie lower den me as ob dis pah'tikula moment. Oh! I'se de lowest nigga, I'se lower dan de soles ob ma' shoes, were it not dat my feets was bare! And, Lawd, do I miss my yellah gal Sally DePan! And oh, she gwine kill dis po' nigga when she find out I'se lawst her baby on de count ob a bad roll ob de dice!"

Staggering through the outskirts of town at nights, Mane ran across a former pattyroller of the name of Kelly, clearly drunk, as it is the natural weakness of his people: "Hey there, blackie!" He called out, "why don't you sing a song fer me!"

"Oh, but boss, I'se caint sing no happy songs no mo', no sir. I'se gwine only sing dem sad songs dat makes us ebben mo' lugubrious den we wus befo'!"

"Sing, damn ye!" Kelly yelled as he threw an empty bottle of rye whiskey, narrowly missing Sugarteeth's head.

"Awrite dar, boss, but don' sah I din' warn you!" He said as he began singing:

THAT TRIFLING TOWN NIGGER.

Oh! Dey call's me Sugarteeth,
Kase I smile so sweet!
An' when I do so smile,
All de gals fall from de feet!
But I'se nebber gwine a' smile
Not nebber smile no more,
Dis nigga is a sadness!
Lower den de floor!
My mammy died de odder day,
Ta two-bugs-in-a-locus,
I'se so sad an' mis'able,
An' I'se sholly hopeless!
I tink about my yella' gal,
Dat I'll sholly nebber see,
Kase jas now I play'd de dice,
An' gambled her baby!
Oh! My life am a misery,
An' it am so sad;
Make de watermelon my headstone,
An' I sho' will be glad!

Wiping his tears with a knife, Kelly wept and said: "Never in my days have I heard of such torture, m'boy! Now, hand over that there walking-stick, I'm sure I can sell it fer a nickle."

Mane Sugarteeth, being naturally averse to work, morality, and also sharp pointed objects, widened his eyes as far as they could go and then began running into the woods.

"Come back here ye black bastard!" Kelly yelled, with weepiness still in his voice.

Running from trouble has never been an unfamiliar thing to Mane Sugarteeth, but what he was about to run into was a truly fabulous sight for, as he passed through some bushes, he stumbled upon a secret meeting of the local chapter of the Ancient Order of Perpetually Unemployed Fenians.

He gazed on silently as the master of ceremonies began speaking:

"Oh! My brothers! What is it that we stand fer!?"

"Nuthin'," came a single voice from the small crowd of masked men.

"God damn it Sheamus, I told you there's no joking at the meetings!"

"That's right Sheamus, it's a serious occasion," another voice reprimanded.

An audible smack to the head was heard in the night.

"This is what we stand fer, my brothers," the master of ceremonies continued, "the liberation of the homeland through the opposition to any form of labor!"

"That's right!" Someone shouted.

"Sláinte chugat! And work be damned!" Came another reply.

"This is our great conspiracy, oh! My brothers!" The master of ceremonies raised his hands high, "as these United States flood with Irish workers, it is we who will sway them to do the opposite! It is us who will cause a great shortage of labor! And a great chaos and reckoning! And it is then that we will force the hand of this country to free old Ireland from the cursed English!"

The crowd cheered, and just then, Mane Sugarteeth felt a grip on his shoulder and saw the shine of a knife. "I've got you now, niggur!" Said Kelly the former pattyroller.

The two got into a tussle and wrestled out of the bush and into the light of the torches which illuminated the meeting of the secret order.

"The devil break yer bones, darkie!" Kelly cursed.

"Oh Lawd! Git dis possum-paddy ob me!" Sugarteeth yelled.

The small crowd of Fenians interfered and broke up the fight.

"Kelly! What the fúk is this? You were 'pose to keep a lookout!" Said the master of ceremonies.

"It wahr this niggur! Sent by the Freedmen's Bureau, that snuck up on me, my brothers!"

"Hold on dar!" Mane protested, "I'se no nigger, no sir, I'se an..." he thought for a moment, "I'se an Irishman!"

All who heard this gasped at once.

"I know I'se look lak de nigger, but believe me, I'se as Irish as dey come!"

The master of ceremonies inspected Mane's face closely, "I tell you that I've seen stranger things in my days... but can ye prove it?"

"Oh! Yass! Fo' fust: I'se nebber worked a day ma' life!"

"Mhm!" The crowd began humming in near-approval.

"An' I'se drunk almost ebbery day!"

The crowd hummed again.

"Well then, what part of Ireland do you come from?" The master of ceremonies asked.

"Oh! I'se come frum de bess' part ob de ol' Ire-land, whar de clobber grow on de cotton tree, an' de possum run free thru de hills! And de ribbers run full wid gin!"

After failing to convince the crowd of his Irish heritage, Mane Sugarteeth was beaten nearly half to death, but was saved by the intoxicated mob's inability to properly tie a noose.

Early in the morning the next day, Mane was slowly dragging himself down the street: "Dar sho ain't no dahkie lower den me as ob dis pah'tikula moment," he mumbled to himself.

Just then, out of the corner of his eye, he noticed a pair of legs sticking out from a barrel in a nearby alleyway: "Well ain't dat de silbba' linin'," he thought to himself as he removed the shoes from what was probably a corpse, "an', oh Lawd, dey fit me jas rite!"

With a slight spring added to his broken step, Mane Sugarteeth walked into a bar.

"Mane," said one of the patrons, "you is ragged from de head, but not to da toe, kase ob dem new shoes you'se got on."

As Mane was about to respond, he heard a shrill voice say: "Mane Sugarteeth, you rascal, whar am ma' baby!"

"Oh Lawd..." he mumbled, as he saw Sally DePan approach.

TO BE CONTINUED?

How to Interpret Banjo Music

by Ajax Rice 'n' Beans Freeman

DIS AM de facts: Jas lak de banjo wus de original 808, you can see, as clear as buttah, dat de tradi'shen of de banjo music has a lot of 'mixin, jes how you get de quadroon when yu mix de nigga in de right poportions wid de not-nigga. It am true fo' sho, boss, dat if you play a piece ob banjo music jas de way it am 'ridden, den you is missin' de point, jes lak de time I missed old nigga Jimbus' head wit de brick, ebben though it sho' wus as big as de ripe melon.

See, banjo music require inter'pretin', so dat what come in ain't de same what come out, jes lak me when I go into de chicken coop an' come out de chicken coop. You pose ta sawce on it, boss! Take dat dar music an' put it in de hand, kase ebbery nigga got de different finga'print, so dat the po'lice can find dem; Dey ain't found me yet but I'se jes countin' ma' chickens.

De fust step am dis: Look at de music an' den look at it agen, but dis time wid de ears. Now de next manuwa,—isosilate de melody or de basical struk'tahr, an' den add de chawm wid de type ob style yu am playing at. I fohget de res', but it am shud be as cleah as de gas'lite ob de moon wat yu need ta do!

Who sez you got ta hit dem exact notes? I don't hear no nigga hollarin' oddawise, do you? Das de whole point, boss, ta make dat chicken yo own, by which I mean dat song—sorry I'se been hungry—anyway, 'magine some song yu know Wat can we do wid dis diddy heah? Well, we's can add de altuh'natin' base-slime or, look heah, wif enuff educay'shen in dem fingas we can even sneak in—lak a runaway slabe—a quick note on de melody so dat after yu strike wid de finge yu quickaly strike de string again but dis time by going back ub, or usin' de two finga style pluck in de dubbah, You cud ebben change ub de playin' style, ob cawse, instead ob

usin' dat down-stroke, you can use de finga' style lak on de gee'tah, but if I ketch yo black hide usin' a pick, I'se gwine cut you wid de shab end ob de shinbone, you hear me dar?

Now, I'se not gwine gib examples ob de style shift, kase das too much wohk, but anyway, don't ya see, boss, is' all 'bout creepin' de incense while addin' yo own shine ta it. An' now yu ax me, "'top nigga, why cain't I jas mix it all ub a once?" Boy, you'se as silly as sack ob possum tryn' ta do arithmetic, see, it's like wid cookin', you cain't add all de flavorins in at once! Lak, if you am making de chicken stew, you cain't add de cow in dar, an' also maybe de howse, kase den you ain't got yosef a chicken stew, no sir, you got de Noah ark! It's 'bout how yu mix de stylins' in de powtions dat make de sense, or how yu move on ting ob music to anudda! Which bring us to de nosh'en ob tyme. Nigga, de ting das impotent heah is also de tym-in', by changin' de tymin we sho' can change up de song. Anyway, I'se sleepy now, so I hobe you learned yo'sef somethin' today; so long, an' don' let de patty-roller ketch ya!

TODAY'S SECRET DARKIE

nder who dis cud be?

An Interview With a Black Confederate Sniper.

Sketch by Kusin Toofpaste, with some credit to Stephan Buck.

INTERVIEWER: Would you mind stating your name and rank in the army?

CANECUTTA: Canecutta Jackson DePreevue, das my whole christian name dat my mawma gabe me, what was de udder qwe'chen?

INTERVIEWER: Your rank in the army?

CANECUTTA: You awfully 'ignant for a white man, ain't'cha? See, niggas didn't hab no rank in de army, aroun' de tyme I was fightin' de Yankee my massa brought me along ta' tote him luggage.

INTERVIEWER: How did you end up becoming a sniper?

CANECUTTA: [Coughs for three minutes] Massa always knew I was good wid de slingshawt, I cud bring down any type a' bird from de sky as soon as I seent it. Sho 'nuff, when dey tole me 'bout de rifle dat make de ball inside spin so it 'tabilize, I was picked lak cotton ta' shoot sum Lincolnite rascals wid it.

INTERVIEWER: I don't mean to be rude, but it seems like you're telling us you willingly fought people who were trying to emancipate you from slavery?

CANECUTTA: Yes, sir, dat Abraham Ethiopian Lincoln wus nebber and will nebber be my pres'dent!

INTERVIEWER: Anyway, about your activities as a sniper?

CANECUTTA: Oh Lawdy! I sho' telolized dem Yankees wid de end ob de barrel ob ma' rifle! I eben once shot a colored trooper from fiddy miles abay! Proudes moment in ma' life dar wus.

INTERVIEWER: Fifty miles? I'm sorry, I don't think that's possible, and even so, how could you tell his race from that distance?

CANECUTTA: See, when you shoot a white man it different from when you shoot a dahkie.

INTERVIEWER: How come?

CANECUTTA: I'se can't 'splain it! De worl' jas feel brighter wid one less black spot on de surface!

INTERVIEWER: [Silent for an awkward amount of time] So, do you think what you fought for was worth it?

CANECUTTA: Hell naw! Look at dese nigras today! Some of 'em is eben goin' back ta Africa ob dey own accoh'd! Dis not what I fought and died for! I hates de republic, I hates de Yankee constitution, an' I hates you fo' askin', wagh!

INTERVIEWER: Mister Jackson, please calm down. So, when the South lost-

CANECUTTA: Oh we lawst, awrite! Dey had to pry de rifle out dese nigger hands after massa died an' de Yankee was drippin victoribus in de blood and de guts!

INTERVIEWER: And how did you feel when you heard the news of the assassination of President Lincoln?

CANECUTTA: Yes, sir, I was dar, an' it whar me dat done it!

INTERVIEWER: Are you claiming to have been the real assassin of the president instead of John-

CANECUTTA: I shot dat nigger lover all de way from Kentucky!

INTERVIEWER: [Turns off recording equipment.]

DIS DE END
STAWP READIN'!